

## About Plays and Players

By RIDE DUDLEY

**HULA DANCE.** said to be a Hawaiian importation, seems to have taken a strange hold on the musical comedy stage and is threatening to become a factor in vaudeville. Credit for its introduction to Broadway must go to Dorland, who was in each performance of Lew Fields' show, "Step This Way," now at the Shubert Theatre. She first did it in this city at Robinson's Columbus Circle Cafe several months ago. When Mr. Fields was ready to launch his production he drafted her for it. Next came a Hula number in the "Midnight Frolics," and now Ann Pennington is doing a Hula dance in the new "Follies." That the craze is spreading is evidenced by the fact that plans are under way to put vaudeville numbers of this nature in several projected musical productions. Vaudeville will probably first see the dance through the medium of Gertrude Hoffman. It is understood she is preparing to do some "Hula-ing." Mantilla, another dancer, is arranging to use this dance in vaudeville too. The idea prevails that no Hula number is properly done unless the dancer is accompanied by a Hawaiian orchestra. As a result, the Hawaiian musicians are growing fat and prosperous.

**ARRANGING ASTOR DEAL.** It is practically settled that the Messrs. Shubert and A. H. Woods will take over the lease on the Astor Theatre from Cohan & Harris. Attorneys representing both sides are arranging the details. The new leases will probably not assume control of the house until fall.

**BENEFIT BY MISS TEMPEST.** Marie Tempest is to give a special performance of her play, "A Lady's Name," for the benefit of the fund being collected to assist the permanently crippled soldiers of the war. The performance will take place at Maxine Elliott Theatre on the afternoon of June 26. Through the courtesy of the Messrs. Shubert, who will furnish the theatre and attaches free of charge, Miss Tempest will be enabled to give the gross receipts to the fund.

**P. W. L. TO CUT UP.** The Professional Woman's League will hold a strawberry festival for members and friends June 20 at its clubrooms, Sixty-eighth Street and Broadway. On July 11 the league will have a picnic for members only, a feature of which will be a corn eating contest. The lady who eats the most corn-on-the-cob without getting it in her ears will win.

**"THE SHOPLIFTER."** When Lady Gregory was last in this country the Society of American Dramatists gave her a private performance of "The Shoplifter," a playlet by De Witt Kaplan, Ann Meredyth, Ida Jeffries Goodfriend and Douglas Wood appeared in it. The playlet is to be put in vaudeville with a cast headed by Mr. Wood. It will open at the Colonial June 26.

**PROBABLY LIKED HIS FOWL.** Junie McCree says Edward Garvie, while in St. Louis with the Friars' Frolic, heard two negroes discussing the question of finances. "Ah'm a-goin' ter work this sum-mah," said one. "Ah'll hang a lot of money on ma pussa, and then I'll be a-sombody." "If you work at yoh trade," replied the other negro, "yoh're liable to be jailbound."

**IT WAS EMPTY.** Percy Heath was telling Henry Young at the Globe Theatre this morning how theatrical press work should be handled. Henry was sceptical of Percy's theories. "I imagine you're pretty wise, eh?" said Henry. "Maybe I am," replied Percy. "Put your finger to your head." Percy didn't understand what Henry was getting at, but he did as directed. "Now," said Henry, "abbreviate 'Mountain'." "Mt." sang out Percy.

**HENRY TOLD HER.** A fairly well known vaudeville team, made up of a woman and a man, were seen looking at a billboard yesterday. The board bore some paper advertising a Shakespearean play. The woman turned to her partner, puzzled. "What's all this fuss about Shakes?"

## WHEN YOU WERE A BOY

By Jack Callahan

### WHEN MRS. BROWN USED TO ASK YOU TO GO TO THE STORE



## "S'MATTER, POP!"



By C. M. Payne

## HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Yesterday We Remarked "!!!!;" To-Day We Simply Say "?????"

By Bud Counihan



## FLOOEY AND AXEL—(They're at the Plattsburg Military Encampment!)

By Vic



## HOW TO MAKE A HIT

By Alma Woodward

At Conception Time. Mrs. S. (cas her son adjusts his napkin)—How many times have I told you that I don't want you to pitch buttons in the house? Some day you'll forget to pick up one of them and I'll step on it and get an infected foot. Willie (valiantly)—I stepped on a broomstick some one dropped on the floor the other day an' my foot ain't 'feeted and Pop he drops asses on the floor an'— Mrs. S. (plaintively)—Why is it that no one can mention a thing to that child without starting an endless chain of evidence incriminating to others? It's not a pretty trait. Don't talk any more unless you want to ask a question, William. Willie (promptly)—Why do they put planks in the platform Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes stand on, Pop? Ain't concrete more stylish and up-to-date? Mr. S. (briefly)—You wouldn't understand. You don't know anything about the kind of planks they use in politics. Mrs. S. (bustling in with ardor)—And neither do most of the men who talk about them. That's one thing I have to be thankful about with you. You don't feed me up on politics. Why, in the last two weeks I've seen more scraps between husband and wife as a result of political discussions! Mrs. S. (with dignity)—I don't discuss politics at home because no one here understands them. When I indulge I want at least a fair dozen. I don't want to carry on a monologue. Mrs. S. (coming back strong)—I hope you don't insinuate that I can't understand political situations. I read the newspapers, you know—and I'm not exactly a simpleton. Ask me some questions and see whether I'm up on the subject or not. Willie (promptly)—Why is a Bull Moose? That's printed on one of my buttons. Mr. S. (sternly)—Don't be silly. If any one could have answered that question it would have been done long ago. Mrs. S. (still on the defensive)—I know all about the Bull M. party

## THE SATURDAY NIGHT BRIDGE CLUB

By Ferd G. Long



## GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY

### Must Be Cautious.

WHEN the train came to a stop an antique looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room and briefly shouted, "Sonny!" A bright-looking boy came up to the window. "Yes, ma'am." "Do you love her?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you go to school, dear?" "Yes, ma'am." "And are you faithful to your studies?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yes, ma'am." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "I think I can, too," said the kind lady, looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is a package. Get

### The Chaplain's Duty.

A REPRESENTATIVE in Congress took a friend from home one afternoon, says the Washington Times. As the friend looked down upon the scene his gaze rested upon the clerical garb of a man in front of the Vice President's chair. Since he seemed particularly interested, the Representative explained: "That's the Rev. P. J. Prettyman, the chaplain of the Senate." "Oh, he prays for the Senate, does he?" asked the friend. "No," said the Representative, "he takes a look at the Senate and then prays for the country."

### A Horrible Accident.

A POPULAR sportsman, being vastly concerned about his fine figure, wore corsets to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the road. A farm laborer ran to render him assistance. The first aid man began to

### Keen on the Cash.

SHRILLING loudly in the silence of the night, the chemist's bell aroused him from slumber. With reluctance he wrapped himself in a

feel the fallen one all over to see if any bones happened to be broken, and suddenly yelled out to another laborer: "Run, Jack, for heaven's sake for a doctor. Here's a man's ribs runnin' north and south, instead of east and west."—Tit-Bits.

## SCRAMBLED EGG PUZZLES

Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelled the name of something which both children and adults enjoy, but for which children seem to have the greater and less easily satisfied capacity. See if you can rearrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Thursday's egg spelled "SPECTACLES."

